THE VISITOR.

A SOBER GUEST, WHOSE PHILANTHROPIC VIEWS ARE TO INSTRUCT, OR HARMLESSLY AMUSE.

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FOR THE VISITOR.

AN ESSAY ON PRUDENCE.

Est modus in rebus; sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra, citraque nequit consistere rectum. HOR. SAT. LIB. 1.

Some certain means in all things may be found,
To mark our virtues and our vices bound. FRANCIS.

There is not a more prolific source of error to mankind, than that which arises from the improper ideas they frequently attach to words, and the signification they erroneously, conceive them to bear.

It is true that the selection of words to represent our ideas was originally arbitrary, there being no peculiar fitness in one sound to express an idea more than in another; yet when for the purposes of social intercourse and communication among men, language has been formed, and words have, by common agreement, been made to represent certain determinate ideas, it is no longer arbitrary, and they are then, to be considered as conventional symbols, to which, we cannot indifferently, annex any ideas we please as we were at liberty to do before the formation of language.

To the neglect of this rule many of those evils which are common in society may be attributed.

In the common departments of life, in the intercourse among nations, and in morality, we daily see a thousand serious and lamentable evils spring from this fruitful source of error. Many of those fierce contentions which arise between governments,* many of those unfortunate disputes which destroy the happiness of individuals, and of those vices which deform, degrade and disgrace them, proceed from the different and improper signification they attach to words.

In morality, this error becomes productive of the most deplorable consequences.

In the pursuit of virtue, it is our object to ascertain and distinguish the right from the wrong, and whenever we are called upon to act, to regulate our conduct by the ideas we have attached to the virtue to which the action may be referred: but it frequently happens, that because we have attached erroneous ideas to the virtues under which we have occasion to act, we fall into the very errors we would have avoided and become vicious when we would have been virtuous. In effect, when a man is inspired with an ardent love of virtue, and a heroic resolution to pursue it, all his aberations from the path of propriety may be traced to this source. Why is it that we so often see men whom we know to have every disposition to do right, deviate so far from rectitude? Why do we see men unjust when they would have been just, intemperate when they would have been temperate, and prejudiced when they would have been impartial? It is because they have annexed improper ideas to the words justice, temperance and impartiality, and acted not agreeably to those virtues themselves, but conformably to the ideas they had formed of them. Thus it is that we so often see men of virtuous hearts and excellent intentions, fall into the most deplorable errors, because they have been taught that such and such qualities are virtues, but unfortunately, do not correctly understand in what those virtues consist. How much is that man's error to be deplored who, taught to consider economy as a virtue, supposes it to consist in penuriously hoarding up the wealth he has acquired, in denying himself every comfort, every enjoyment of life, and in withholding from others the benefit of that fortune which which, usefully bestowed, he might dispense so much happiness! As much should we deplore the error of the man who, conceiving liberality to consist in squandering and throwing away wealth, in discriminately lavishes his powers upon every object that comes in his way, bestows his charity promiscously, upon the deserving and the undeserving, and in his foolish and misjudged prodigality supposes himself practising one of the most exalted virtues. It is evident that the conduct of such men, so far from possessing the merit they imagine, has a most fatal and pernicious tendency both, as it regards themselves and the community in which they live, and that so far from practising estimable and laudable virtues, they are guilty of the most flagrant and destructive vices. Yet how common are such characters!—Their error is that they learnt merely the names of the virtues they believed themselves to have be exercising, without knowing what were the essential properties of those virtues, or the ideas that necessarily entered into their nature. Many instances might be adduced in which every virtue has suffered from being conceived to mean either too much or too little, and from annexing to it improper and erroneous ideas; but it is my intention to speak chiefly of one, in which mankind seem to have been peculiarly unfortunate in the ideas they have usually attached to it, and which they seem ever to have misunderstood:—I mean PRUDENCE.

Prudence which, in its proper signification, is nothing but "wisdom applied to practice" has, by an unwarrantable extension been made to signify a great deal more, and is, in fact, by many, considered as a substitute for almost every other virtue. It is not only used as a shield to protect our weakness and secure us from harm, but as an artifice to conceal all our defects and infirmities.

When Prudence thus degenerates into hypocrisy, and is called in to the aid of dissimulation, so far from being a virtue it is a vice of the blackest, basest nature. Yet if we will judge with impartiality, we must acknowledge that our modern systems of fashionable education have too strong a tendency to inculcate this species of prudence.

This applies more particularly to the education of females. Nothing can have a more powerful tendency to destroy that frankness & sincerity which are so amiable & interesting in the female character, to annihilate that noble independence of sentiment which it should possess, & to deaden every impulse of active virtue, than those false maxims of prudence which injudicious mothers endeavor to instill into the infant minds of their daughters. The cautious, calculating mother, who, neglecting the salutary advice of the Latin poet.

Hoc patrium est, potius consuefacere filium
Sua sponte recte facere, quam alieno metu,

to teach her children to act right rather from principle than through fear, perpetually holds up *in terrorem* to her daughters the disgrace they will incur in the public estimation, by deviating from the course she has marked out for them, who teaches them they should fly from temptation rather than resist it, should conceal their deformities rather then discard them, and tells them this is prudence, is guilty of the most egregious error. It is, indeed, one sort of prudence, and so is that which induces the coward to desert the field of battle and seek his safety in a dishonorable and ignominious flight; but is this sort of prudence either to be admired or commended?

(To be concluded in our next.)

* Montaigne carries this idea still farther. *La pluspart des occasions des troubles du monde sont grammariens. Nos procès ne naissent que du débat de l'interpretation des loix: et la pluspart des guerres de cette impuissance de n'avoir sceu clairement exprimer les coventions et traictez d'accord des Princes. Combien des querelles, et combien importantes a produit au monde le doute du sens de cette syllable* hoc.

FOR THE VISITOR.

APHORISMS.

We frequently complain of our situation in life, but if the appointment were left to ourselves, mankind would be infinitely more wretched.

It is to necessitous circumstances that we owe the inspiration of Spakespeare, and the energy of Dryden.

Hopes and fears, when properly regulated, give that returning vigor to the mind which the breezes of Heaven impart to the vegetable and animal world.

Pride is indulged at the expence of reaſon and feeling; while delicacy is left to prey on itſelf.

We are indebted to nature for our beſt benefits; art is but a ſlippery handmaid, and ought not to be truſted too far.

By complying too poſſitively with ſyſtem in the courſe of education, the germ of the mind may be rooted up, when we ſuppoſe perhaps that we are only weeding the ſoil.

The mere man of the world is like one ſcampering round the foot of a mountain: and the dignified philoſopher, who fancies himſelf on its ſummit, may probably be wrapt in the miſts of a more dangerous error.

When we perceive a perſon more aſſiduous to detect errors than to diſtinguiſh merit, we may ſafely conclude that he poſſeſſes the largeſt ſhare of thoſe favorite materials in his own mind.

There are inſtances of a legiſlator being taken from the plough, and a mathematician from the open fields, but human nature ought not to flatter herſelf too much on theſe rare felicities.

Merit is ſo mingled with the croud, and we are all ſo buſily engaged about trifles that it is no great wonder if ſhe paſs by with little notice.

He who draws his information from the genuine ſources of nature is not likely to be a popular man in his own time; but poſterity will do him juſtice.

The children of misfortune paſs before our eyes too much unnoticed, while our attention is improperly excited by the movement of a wheel, or the wonder of a day. Z.

THE VISITOR.

GREAT CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

Under this head we inſtanced in our laſt number the very extraordinary circumſtance of a poor young man, at the age of four and twenty (Tomaſa Anello) who angled for fiſh, and after ſubſiſting by ſelling them at market in Naples, found means of placing himſelf at the head of an army conſiſting of 150,000 men, and exerting abſolute power there for the ſpace of ten days, when his 'brief authority' was terminated by death.

We have it in our power to give a few more anecdotes of this extraordinary character. He was generally called from a vulgar abreviation, Maſſaniello. When the neceſſities of the Houſe of Auſtria, which the kingdom of Naples was then ſubject to, required ſubſidies, they laid a tax on fruits. Maſſaniello, who lived near to the market-place, was laughed at when he ſaid it ſhould never take place; but he effected his purpoſe; and the common cry among the people was that they would eat no more taxed-fruits. When he found that he could ſell his fruit but at a low price, he fell into a great rage, threw two large baſkets full on the ground, and cried out—God gives plenty, and the bad government a dearth. This was an artful attempt to increaſe the public clamor, for the boys ran eagerly to gather the fruit, and Maſſaniello ruſhed in among them, crying---No tax---No tax--- and the diſorderly tumult of the boys pelted off every oppoſition.

JOAN OF ARC,

Maid of Orleans.

After the death of Henry, V. king of England, who for ſome time reigned abſolute in France, though without the title of king, (which, however was aſſured to him and his deſcendants after the death of Charles VI. who ſurvived him but two months) the regency of that kingdom was left to his brother, the duke of Bedford, one of the moſt accompliſhed princes of the age, whoſe experience, prudence, valour, and generoſity enabled him to maintain union among his friends, and to gain the confidence of his enemies. Charles VII. though inferior in power, was poſſeſſed of many great advantages in the affections of all Frenchmen, who deſired the independence of their country. The city of Orleans, the moſt important place in the kingdom, was beſieged by Bedford, as a ſtep which would prepare the way for the conqueſt of all France. The French king uſed every expedient to ſupply the city with a garriſon and proviſions and the Engliſh left no method unemployed for reducing it. The eyes of all Europe were turned towards this ſcene of action, where it was reaſonably ſuppoſed the French were to make their laſt ſtand for maintaining the independence of their monarchy, and the rights of their ſovereign. After numberleſs feats of valor on both ſides, the attack was ſo vigorouſly puſhed by the Engliſh, that Charles gave up the city as loſt, when relief was brought from a very unexpected quarter.

In the village of Domremi, near Vaucouleurs, on the borders of Lorrrain, lived a country girl, whoſe name was Joan d'Arc; and who, in the humble ſtation of ſervant at an inn, had been accuſtomed to tend the horſes of the gueſts, to ride without a ſaddle to the watering place, and to perform other offices, which commonly fall to the ſhare of men ſervants. This girl, influenced by the frequent accounts of the rencounters at the ſiege of Orleans, and affected with the diſtreſſes of her country and youthful monarch, was ſeized with a wild deſire of bringing relief to him in his preſent unhappy circumſtances. Her inexperienced mind, working day and night on this favorite object, miſtook the impulſes of paſſion for heavenly inſpirations; ſhe fancied ſhe ſaw viſions, and heard voices, exhorting her to re-eſtabliſh the throne of France, and expel the foreign invaders. An uncommon intrepidity of ſpirit made her divine miſſion diſpel all that baſhfulneſs ſo natural to her ſex, her years and low condition. She went to Vaucouleurs, procured admiſſion to Baudricourt the governor, and informed him of her inſpirations and intentions. Baudricourt obſerved ſomething extraordinary in the maid, or ſaw the uſe that might be made of ſuch an engine, and ſent her to the French court. which then reſided at Chinon.

Joan was no ſooner introduced to the king, than ſhe offered, in the name of the Supreme Creator, to raiſe the ſiege of Orleans, and conduct him to Rheims, to be there crowned and anointed: and ſhe demanded, as the inſtrnment of her future victories, a particular ſword, which was kept in the church of St. Catharine de Fierbois. The more the king and his miniſters were determined to give into the illuſion, the more ſcruples they pretended. An aſſembly of grave and learned divines was appointed, to examine her miſſion; and pronounced it undoubted and ſupernatural. Her requeſt was granted; ſhe was armed cap-a-pee, mounted on horſeback, and ſhown, in that martial habiliment, to the whole people. Her dexterity in managing her ſteed though acquired in her former ſtation, was regarded as a freſh proof of her miſſion; her former occupation was even denied; ſhe was converted into a ſheperdeſs, an employment more agreeable to the fancy. Some years were ſubtracted from her age, in order to excite ſtill more admiration; and ſhe was received with the loudeſt acclamations, by perſons of all ranks.

The Engliſh at firſt affected to ſpeak with deriſion of the maid and her heavenly miſſion; but were ſecretly ſtruck with the ſtrong perſuaſion which prevailed in all around them. They found their courage daunted, by degrees, & thence began to infer a divine vengeance hanging over them. A ſilent aſtoniſhment reigned among thoſe troops, formerly ſo elated with victory, and ſo fierce for the combat. The maid entered the city of Orleans at the head of a convoy, arrayed in her military garb, and diſplaying her conſecrated ſtandard. She was received as a celeſtial delivererer by the garriſon and its inhabitants; and with the inſtructions of count Dunois, commonly called the Baſtard of Orleans, who commanded in that place, ſhe actually obliged the Engliſh to raiſe the ſiege of that city, after driving them from their entrenchments, and defeating them in ſeveral deſperate attacks.

Raiſing the ſiege of Orleans was one part of the maid's promiſe to Charles: crowning him at Rheims was the other; and ſhe now vehemently inſiſted, that he ſhould ſet out immediately on that journey. A few weeks before, this would have appeared altogether extravagant. Rheims lay in a diſtant quarter of the kingdom; was then in the hands of a victorious enemy; the whole road that led to it was occupied by their garriſons; and no imagination could have been ſo ſanguine as to hope, that ſuch an attempt could poſſibly be carried into execution. But, as things had now taken a turn, and it was extremely the intereſt of the king of France to maintain the belief of ſomething extraordinary and divine in theſe events, he reſolved to comply with her exhortations, and avail himſelf of the preſent conſternation of the Engliſh. He accordingly ſet out for Rheims, at the head of twelve thouſand men, and ſcarcely perceived as he paſſed along, that he was marching through an enemy's country. Every place opened its gates to him; Rheims ſent him its keys, and the ceremony of his inauguration was performed with the holy oil, which a pigeon is ſaid to have brought from heaven to Clovis, on the firſt eſtabliſhment of the French monarchy.

As a mark of his gratitude, Charles had a medal ſtruck in her honor. On one ſide was her portrait, on the other a hand holding a ſword with

theſe words, *Conſtantio confirmata Dei.* "Suſtained by the aſſiſtance of God." The king alſo ennobled all her family, as well in the male as in the female line; the former became extinct in 1760. In 1614, the latter, at the requeſt of the procurator general, were deprived of the privelege of ennobling their children, independent of their huſband The town of Domremi, alſo, where ſhe was born, was exempted from all taxes, aids, and ſubſidies forever.

The Maid of Orleans, as ſhe is called, declared, after this coronatton, that her miſſion was now accompliſhed; and expreſſed her inclination to retire to the occupations and courſe of life which became her ſex. But Dunois ſenſible of the great advantages which might be reaped from her preſence in the army, exhorted her to perſevere, till the final expulſion of the Engliſh. In purſuance of this advice, ſhe threw herſelf into the town of Compiegne at that time beſieged by the duke of Burgundy aſſiſted by the earls of Arundel and Suffolk. The garriſon on her appearance, believed themſelves invincible. But their joy was of ſhort duration. The maid, after performing prodigies of valor was taken priſoner in a ſally; and the duke of Bedford, reſolved upon her ruin, ordered her to be tried by the eccleſiaſtical court for ſorcery, impiety, idolatry and magic. She was found guilty by her ignorant or iniquitous judges, of all thoſe crimes, aggravated by hereſy. Her revelations were declared to be inventions of the devil, to delude the people. No efforts were made by the French court to deliver her; and this admirable heroine was cruelly delivered over alive to the flames, at the age of nineteen, A. D. 1431, aud expiated by the puniſhment of fire, the ſignal ſervices which ſhe had rendered to her prince and native country.

Joan appears not only to have been a virtuous and heroine character, but to have poſſeſſed that truth and ſenſibility, which ſhould, and perhaps always does, accompany true genius. Her manner is recorded to have been mild and gentle, when unarmed, though courageous in the field. She was frequently wounded; and once drawing out the Engliſh arrow, cried out, "It is glory and not blood, which flows from this wound!" and when mounting the fatal pile, though her face was covered with tears, ſhe ſaid, "God be bleſſed!"

Affection, like genius, can build its ſtructures on the baſeleſs fabrick of a viſion; and the eſtimation which things hold in a lover's fancy, can be tried by no calculations of reaſon. The lover, like the poor Indian, who preſers glaſs beads and red feathers to more uſeful commodities, ſets his affections on a trifle, which ſomeilluſions of fancy has endeared, and which is to him more valuable than the gems of the eaſtern world, or the mines of the weſt: while Reaſon, like the ſage European who ſcorns beads and feathers, in vain condemns his folly.

Love is the nobleſt and moſt ſublime paſſion that can poſſeſs the heart of man—it ſoftens and refines every motion of the ſoul—it enfeebles every ſtronger power—and when its influence is no longer felt, it leaves *compaſſion* as a relic there.

Dryden's tranſlation of Virgil being commended by a right reverend Biſhop, a witty gentlemen obſerved, that, "the original was indeed excellent; but every thing ſuffered by *tranſlation*, except a *Biſhop*!"

CULINARY RESEARCHES.

The fatal effects of ſelf-love conſidered with its relations to Cookery.

The old adage which aſſures us that our eyes are larger than our ſtomach, is a truth which ought not to be forgotten by certain Amphytrions, who, borne away by a fooliſh vanity, ſacrifice every thing for the firſt glances, and ſerve up a repaſt fit for twenty people, when there are but eight or ten guests, and by this means are ſeldom able to receive their friends. Such perſons would give ten dinners in a year inſtead of three, if they were leſs to conſult the eyes of their gueſts than their appetites.

Domeſtic economy vainly endeavours to make the remains of a ſplendid entertainment, laſt throughout the week, it cannot ſucceed, and proves, beyond a doubt, that pride is, in this inſtance, an enemy to real enjoyment. Boileau has ſaid with much truth: "Qu'un diner rechauffé ne valut jamais rien;" and it is to underſtand one's intereſt very ill to prepare a dinner that comes on the table for eight days, and is only really good on the firſt.

This is not the only fault into which an ill deviſed ſelf iove may lead us at dinner time; and, in ſhort, to proceed methodically, we will begin by ſaying, that ſymmetry is one of the moſt formidable enemies to good living. It is proved that every thing in this nether world muſt be ſerved up, gathered, or eaten when ripe; from the roſe down to the *omelette* which muſt be devoured the inſtant it is turned out of the frying pan; from the partridge, the excellence of which often depends on an hour's mortification, to the mince-pye, which ſhould make but one leap from the mouth of the oven to that of the epicure; there is, in every thing, a moment of perfection which ſhould be ſkilfully caught.

Ultra citraque nequit conſiſtere rectum; which means in Engliſh, protraction or precipitation in cookery are equally prejudicial to ragouts.

There is not one real epicure that is not acquainted with this eſtabliſhed truth; and how it was poſſible to renounce the cuſtom of ſerving up diſh after diſh, to adopt that of covering the table with fifteen or twenty different ones, which cannot be all ſwallowed at the ſame time, and the laſt of which are ſure to be cold? A ridiculous vanity has dictated this pompous ſymmetry ſo fatal to the taſte, and which, at the utmoſt can only ſatisfy the thoughtless and the fooliſh.

Vainly have Amphitryons of ſound judgment, who were obliged to ſacrifice their own opinion to cuſtom, without poſſeſſing ſufficient ſtrength of mind to follow the precepts of their forefathers, felt the fatal conſequences of a regular and ſyſtematical dinner, and ſought to remedy it by uſing artificial heat; pewter diſhes filled with boiling water, and ſome alſo with charcoal, have been uſed for the purpoſe, but theſe are but melancholy palliatives, and tend leſs to keep the natural heat than to dry up the meat.

What then is to be done? will exclaim the man of the world, who is a ſlave to faſhion and vanity. We will answer, deſpiſe the one and lay aſide the other; give ſix principal diſhes inſtead of twelve, but let them be larger; ſerve them up one after the other, or at the utmoſt, two at a time, from the ſoup to the deſert. This will be the means of taſting every diſh hot, of eating plentifully, doing juſtice to this whole of the repaſt, ſatisfying the moſt baſhful appetites, and giving an excellent dinner with much leſs expence.

This excellent definition of high birth is from the ſacred biography of Dr. Hunter.

Again, this ſubject ſeems much calculated to correct the prejudices which prevail among men in the matter of pedigree. There is in reality no ſuch thing as mean and high birth: or if there be a diſtinction, to be born perfect in every limb and feature, with ſound and vigorous conſtitutions, with a mind complete in all its faculties, this is to be nobly born; as, on the contrary, to come into the world diſeaſed and debilitated, with a conſtitution undermined and deſtroyed by the vices of parents, is to have the diſadvantage of being meanly born; a diſtinction which, if founded in reaſon, truth and juſtice, leaves the great, in general, little to glory in, and the poor little at which to repine. Have we not all one father? What genealogy is pure from every ſtain of infirmity, folly or vice? Is it any diminution of the Saviour's dignity, any impeachment of his perfect purity, or any imputation on his great public character, that in the roll of his anceſtry after the fleſh, we find the name of Rahab the harlot, and of her who had been the wife of Uriah, and that he was brought up under the roof, perhaps to the occupation of an obſcure craftsman?—Virtue and vice are perſonal not hereditary, and nothing but vice is a juſt ground of ſhame. Shall I call myſelf a diſciple of Jeſus then, and think it a reproach to be called a carpenter's ſon, diſpiſed becauſe I am a Galilean, lightly eſteemed becauſe my parents were poor and ignoble, becauſe a paltry monoſyllable introduces not my name?—Real worth ennobles itſelf independent of the breath of kings, it draws obſcure progenitors into light, and leaves a fair and honorable inheritance to poſterity—in a bright example, and a reſpectable name.

The young people of the preſent age have in general the wiſdom to repreſs thoſe romantic feelings which uſed to triumph over ambition and avarice, and have abopted the prudent maxims of maturer life. Marriage is now founded on the ſolid baſis of convenience, and love is au article commonly omitted in the treaty.

Sheriff's and Conſtables's Bonds
To ſtay Deſtraining for Rents, for ſale at this Office.

POISON—A MELANCHLY OCCURRENCE.

Du'lin, December 31.—Melancholy, indeed, is the tragic ſcene we are about to relate par.icularly as it has involved (in a neighbouring county) more than three families in the deepeſt affliction: in juſtice to the feelings of the parties we ſhall not mention names.

A gentleman the youngeſt ſon of a beneficed clergyman, of high reſpectability, paid his addreſſes to young lady of genteel family and conſiderable fortune, reſiding in the ſame neighbourhood. Her uncle (under whoſe guardianſhip ſhe was unfortunately placed) had determined to marry her to what he called *up to rank*, and choſe rather to ſee her ſplendidly miſerable, than made happy with a genteel competency. The lady's ſuitor was a phyſician, who, ſome time back took the uſual degree with the moſt promiſing hopes of ſucceſs in his profeſſion; his education, polite and claſſical, added to an amiable diſpoſition and the moſt accompliſhed manners, could not fail of making an impreſſion on the young lady—his conduct towards her teſtified his high regard; and, in a ſhort time, he was beloved with equal ardour. Inſurmountable were the objections raiſed by the uncle, to prevent an union. He remonſtrated on the impropriety of placing her affections on a perſon not poſſeſſed of one ſhilling, and who could have no expectations, either now or hereafter, of any paternal fortune; as to his profeſſion, it was one of the very worſt, for he might not be called in upon a *Guinea Voyage*, (as he termed it,) for years to come; and in hopes of alienating her tender affections, introduced into the family a major in the army; and, at the ſame time, informed her, ſhe was to conſider him as her future huſband. It ſeems he did not poſſeſs any of thoſe nice feelings of honour and ſenſibility which ſhould ever be the characteriſtic of a ſoldier—he was told of her predilection for another, which muſt ever prevent his prevailing upon a heart ſo completely devoted to Mr.———, who was then in Scotland, and his arrival daily expected. This candid appeal had no effect; as he had the uncle's conſent he conſidered there was no other obſtacle remaining. In vain did this amiable young lady, bathed in tears, endeavour to diſſuade her uncle from his cruel purpoſe. In fine, the wedding day was appointed, the clergyman arrived, and, with ſilent ſuffering compoſure, ſhe allowed the fatal ceremony to be performed. The uncle, however, was ſoon convinced of his inhumanity. She had taken, in preſence of her own maid, a cup of tea, mixed, as it afterwards appeared, with a conſiderable quantity of arſenic. She ſaid it was the moſt delicious draught ſhe had ever taken. Towards the cloſe of the evening, ſhe got much indiſpoſed, and in a few hours after breathed her laſt. On her dreſſing table was found the following letter:

"'Tis over, and, by the time you receive this, I ſhall be no more; yet the only hour that I can call my own, I give to you, the only one that the hand of death has a right to interrupt. Should I live, I tremble to think what a huſband's rage might have inflicted, when he ſhould find (inſtead of the happineſs he expected) a cold and indifferent heart. Surely it was impoſſible for two maſters to ſhare my affections—had I ſurvived, you would feel that you had robbed me of what not all my fortune could purchace, or the world have power to beſtow. Ever ſince I was taught to form a wiſh, it was that of being a tender wife and a happy mother. From the time I could aſſociate an idea, I looked upon matrimony as the ſource from which we were to derive finiſhed happineſs, or accumulated miſery. Under this idea, alas what deluſive viſions of felicity did not the accompliſhed mind and literary taſte of Mr———once give me leave to form, ſuch as no turn of fortune can again recall. But what am I ſaying, and to whom? To him who has robbed me of my peace & of my life. Can he now dry up thoſe tears which he himſelf has cauſed to flow; or can heal thoſe wounds which he has ſo deeply inflicted? But the worſt is paſſed; all the paſſions that diſtracted me ſince I received your unfeeling mandate to forget and be faithleſs to him on whom my heart doted, are huſhed, and what little ſpirit remains will ſoon give way to the Supreme Director of all."

Maria was in her 20th year: To the beauty of her form, and the excellence of her natural diſpoſition, a parent, equally indulgent and attentive, (who died two years ago) had done the fulleſt juſtice. To accompliſh her manners, and cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been uſed, and they had been attended with ſucceſs. Few young ladies attracted more admiration; none ever felt it leſs. She died when every tongue was eloquent of her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them. It is needleſs to tell how ſeverely the old gentleman now accuſes his own weak conduct; nor can he ever forgive give himſelf the wanton ſacrifice of youth innocence and virtue to miſerable pelf and faſhionable folly. This preſents but a ſmall view of the affliction of the families concerned. It may teach parents, whom heaven has bleſſed with children, rather to make them happy than great, nor violate thoſe feelings which they have only a right to guide.

SOCIAL AFFECTION.

"Were I in a deſert," ſays Sterne, "I would find ſomething in it to call forth my affections. If I could not do better, I would faſten them upon ſome ſweet myrtle, or ſeek ſome melancholy cypreſs to connect myſelf to. I would court their ſhade, and greet them kindly for their protection. I would cut my name upon them, and ſwear they were the lovelieſt trees throughout the deſert. If their leaves withered I would teach myſelf to mourn; and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice with them."

A reſpectable character, after having long figured away in the gay world of Paris, was at length compelled to live in an obſcure retreat in that city, the victim of ſevere and unforeſeen misfortunes. He was ſo indigent, that he ſubſiſted only on an allowance from the pariſh. Every week a quantity of bread was ſent to him ſufficient for his ſupport, and yet, at length, he demanded more. On this the curate ſent for him. He went: "Do you live alone?" ſaid the curate: 'With whom ſir,' anſwered the unfortunate man, 'is it poſſible I ſhould live? I am wretched, you ſee that I am, ſince I thus ſolicit charity, and am abandoned by all the world.' "But, ſir," continued the curate, "if you live alone, why do you aſk for more bread than is ſufficient for yourſelf?" The other was quite diſconcerted, and at laſt, with great reluctance, confeſſed that he had a dog. The curate did not drop the ſubject. He deſired him to obſerve, that he was only the diſtributer of the bread that belonged to the poor, and that it was abſolutely neceſſary that he ſhould diſpoſe of his dog. 'Ah, ſir,' exclaimed the poor man, weeping, 'and if I loſe my dog, who is there then to love me?' The good paſtor, melting into tears, took his purſe, and giving it to him, "take this, ſir," ſaid he; "this is mine—this I can give."

THE SON OF TWO MOTHERS:

A Moſt Singular and Remarkable Account.

A lady of noble family in Scotland retired in the year 1715, to St. Germain's in France, where her huſband ſoon died. The old chevalier behaved very kind to her; but being incapable of ſupporting all thoſe unhappy fugitives whoſe blind zeal had rendered outcaſts of their maternal iſle, ſhe was in great diſtreſs, having three ſons to maintain and educate. A dreadful perſpective opened to her view, and ſhe was meditating upon her unhappy fate, when a widow lady, who had no children of her own, reſiding near the palace, and poſſeſſing an ample fortune, remitted her a very conſiderable ſum of money, and gave her to underſtand, that if ſhe would part with the youngeſt of her ſons, who was not above two years of age, ſhe would take upon herſelf his education. This lady had ſeen the child, he was remarkably handſome and engaging, and ſhe had often wiſhed that ſhe had been bleſſed with ſuch an amiable pledge of her former love.

The mother was eaſily perſuaded to let her have the child, as ſhe was convinced, from her general behaviour that ſhe could do much better by him than herſelf was able. The boy was accordingly put into her hands, and it was agreed with the mother that this lady ſhould adopt him for her own ſon. The lady's tenderneſs and affection daily increaſed for the child, and ſhe continued bringing him up with this intent.

In the mean time a relation of the Scottiſh lady's died in England, and having bequeathed her a conſiderable legacy, it was neceſſary that ſhe ſhould make her perſonal appearance there, in order to receive it. She accordingly ſet out for Great-Britain, with her two eldeſt ſons, leaving her youngeſt in the hands of this affectionate lady, with the proſpect of an ample fortune.

The firſt impreſſions he had received in his infancy were not difficult to remove: he ſoon forgot that he was born in Scotland, and the aſſiduity of his mother by adoption, in placing him early at a college in Paris, entirely eradicated the remembrance of his origin. He there went through his ſtudies in the name he was entered, which was that of his benefactreſs, and no expence was ſpared for his maintenance. He was taught all the proper exerciſes ſuitable to his age, with all the diſtinctions of a young gentleman, heir to a very conſiderable fortune, without his having the leaſt miſtruſt of the change which had happened to his deſtiny. He imagined his benefactreſs to be his mo-

ther, and ſhe had habituated herſelf to look upon him as her ſon, and finding him anſwer her moſt promiſing expectations, by the methods that had been taken in his education, ſhe reſolved that he ſhould always remain in this agreeable error.

He was already, by her interceſſion, made a cadet, when one of his brothers came to Paris, who failed not to perform what he thought his duty, by paying his earlieſt reſpects to this lady, who had done ſo many generous and good offices to the family. At this interview he learnt from her what, indeed, could not be concealed, that his brother was living, and he was deſerving of the affection which ſhe conceived for him. But ſhe did not at the ſame time diſſemble her capricious turn of mind, by adding that ſhe had hitherto taken care to conceal from him his real family, her deſign being to keep him, during her life, in that deluſion. That to counterbalance this deception, ſhe had not only reſolved to behave, in every reſpect, as a mother to him, but to bequeath him the ſucceſſion of all her fortune: that he already bore her name and arms; that he believed himſelf deſtined by nature to become her heir, and that the force of cuſtom had habituated him to pay her every mark of filial reſpect and attention; that the illuſion was ſo agreeable to her, that if ever it ſhould be deſtroyed, ſhe ſhould conſider it as the greateſt misfortune that could happen to her; that ſhe would not even anſwer for the continuance of her former diſpoſitions, if by undeceiving her dear ſon, he ſhould ſlacken his regard and duty towards her, by perhaps paying them to another; and that it was therefore of the utmoſt conſequence to both of them that he ſhould remain in the ſtate of ignorance wherein he had been educated, and ſhe intreated him never to make him acquainted whoſe ſon he really was, at leaſt till her death, and concluded by telling him, his brother's future fate and fortune were now in his hands.

However extravagant these notions appeared to the Scotch gentleman, he thought himſelf obliged to reply, that ſhe required nothing but what ſhe had a right to expect; and having a ſtrong deſire to ſee his brother he proteſted that every thing ſhe had been pleaſed to make him the confident of, ſhould remain forever a profound ſecret, if ſhe thought proper. After this promiſe ſhe did not heſitate informing him that his brother was a muſqueteer, and that he might ſee him at Paris. If indeed the regard he had for his brother did not weigh with him not to deſtroy the muſqueteer's fortune, his own perſonal intereſt would have induced him to have kept the ſecret. He ſet out with full reſolution of being ſilent, no way miſtruſting his own diſcretion, and ruminating, anticipated the pleaſure he ſhould have in playing ſo uncommon a character as he was going to exhibit. Almoſt as ſoon as he arrived at Paris, accident was ſo much his friend, that inſtead of having only the pleaſure of ſeeing his brother, as he propoſed, he ſupped with him the very firſt night, being introduced by an Iriſh officer, who had an intimacy with him at the hotel of the muſketeers.

If he was at firſt excited by nothing but curioſity, to keep his eyes conſtantly fixed upon the muſqueteer, he was ſoon ſenſible that the force of nature was full ſtronger, which recalled his attention againſt his will. During the whole night he could not one inſtant withdraw his eyes from a face whoſe every feature awakened in his heart ſome tender ſentiment. His brother, on his ſide, was ſecretely agitated by the ſame power, but this he at firſt imputed to that embarraſment which the conſtant attention of a ſtranger muſt naturally create; but finding it increaſe with a kind of prejudice in favor of this very ſtranger, he could not account for it, and he at length concluded it to be one of thoſe ſympathetic *penchants* which ſomtimes influence the heart, and which diſpoſe us to eſteem thoſe we are unacquainted with.

They retired with a ſtrong inclination to meet again. The muſqueteer was the more ſolicitious for it, for he knew of no meaſures that were to be kept; and therefore the next day he deſired the Iriſh officer, who had introduced this agreeable companion, to make them better acquainted. Thus, then, they kept each other's company, whilſt their mutual inclination daily increaſed, and they at length became almoſt inſeperable, in a word, they were for months the Caſtor and Pollux of Paris, and, as a conſtellation, attracted the attention of the inquiſitive beholders.

The muſqueteer was one day expreſſing his ſurpriſe at the ſtrong inclination he had of conſtantly being with his unknown brother, and at his great propenſity for loving him: it was now that the elder brother could no longer withhold the ſecret from him, or refrain from embracing him with tenderneſs, at the ſame time ſubſtituting the word brother for friend. He, nevertheleſs, immediately ſubjoined all the reaſons which ſhould induce both of them to act with caution in this reſpect, and concluded with intimating his fears that the muſqueteers ſuppoſed mother might behave to her adopted ſon in the manner ſhe had threatened if ſhe perceived the leaſt relaxation on his ſide with reſpect to tenderneſs and affection.

But the danger lay on another ſide. The idea of a mother, whom he had never ſeen, & who inceſſantly recurred to his mind under every attractive form, greatly diſturbed his tranquility. The deſire of ſeeing her became an inſuperable torment to him. He opened his mind to his brother upon this head, who painted to him in lively colours his apprehenſions, exhorting him to gain more empire over his ſentiments; but this counſel was not attended to. Even the fruſtration of all his hopes did not appear to him as an evil that ſhould divert his mind, but this he thought, could never be the caſe, as he did not imagine, that ſhe, who he thought, ſolely actuated by generoſity in all that ſhe had done for him, could never be offened to ſee him give way to thoſe ſentiments which were juſt as they were natural, eſpecially when he ſhould declare to her they ſhould no way affect thoſe which ſhe had a right to expect from him. His brother exerted all his endeavours to make him lay aſide this thought, but in vain; he ſet out with the deſign of opening his heart to his benefactreſs, and to intreat her to allow him to make a voyage to England.

He was received by her with the uſual marks of affection. She had no ſuſpicion of any thing that had paſſed, and her affection for this dear ſon was now at its ſummit. He had nevertheleſs ſcarce began to explain himſelf, ere ſhe diſcovered what he was going upon. Her indignation was fired to that degree that it eclipſed all her other ſentiments. 'They have ruined you,' ſaid ſhe, interrupting him. 'I from this moment ceaſe to be your mother, ſince you are no longer ignorant whoſe ſon you are, go back to thoſe who have done you this kind office, and never appear again in my ſight.' So great was her jealouſy that upon ſaying theſe laſt words, ſhe immediately retired to her cloſet, where ſhe locked herſelf in alone, without liſtening a moment to the prayers and intreaties of the youth. He at length concluded that his reaſoning deceived him, but the evil which he began to dread affecting him far leſs than what he thought the duty he owed to nature, he reſolved rather to renounce his claims to fortune, than to give up theſe obligations which he thought incumbent on a youth of family, who ſhould conſider nothing ſo dear as thoſe who gave him birth.—This reſolution did not however prevent the renewal of his endeavors to ſoften a heart whoſe affection he conſidered as placed in the firſt rank after that he bore his real mother. He was beloved by the ſervants, who had been accuſtomed to treat him like their maſter, ſo that by their aſſiſtance he gained admittance into the lady's apartment, notwithſtanding the rigorous injunctions ſhe had laid upon her attendants to the contrary. At the ſight of him ſhe was upon the point of flying from the room. He entered; but he threw himſelf at her feet, and interrupted her paſſage.

This was a moſt uncommon ſcene: jealouſy, affection, and rage, by turns animated her. However it at length ended in a kind of compoſition on both ſides. The lady promiſed to continue her friendſhip towards him, and to forget the offence he had given her, on condition that he would engage nor to go to England, and never to call the Scotch lady (whom ſhe conſidered as her rival) mother, in her preſence. On his part, the muſqueteer gave his word, but in the moſt equivalent terms, to obey in every thing the lady whom he ſhould love all his lifetime as his mother, and never to undertake any thing that might give her the leaſt uneaſineſs. He placed his hope in eſcaping by this mental reſervation, and to find ſome favorable opportunity of going ſecretly to England.

Peace being reſtored by this happy treaty, ſome months elapſed whilſt he was concerting his meaſures, to make a ſecret voyage to England; and he put them in execution at the time the court was at Fontainbleau, when he obtained leave of abſence for three weeks, without any one of his friends having the leaſt ſuſpicion of his departure. In fine, fate, who had decreed that he ſhould not inherit this lady's fortune, reſolved that his benefactreſs ſhould be taken ill of a violent fever, during his abſence, and thinking, in her lucid intervals, that her end approached, ſhe moſt ardently wiſhed to ſee him. He was accordingly written to, but the letters never reached him: Equally fruitleſs was the ſearch made after him, till it was at length diſcovered by ſome of the officers of the corps, that he was gone to England.

This news, which was too inadvertently related to his benefactreſs, no ſooner reached her than it threw her into the moſt violent agonies, in which ſhe expired, revoking her former will in her adopted ſon's favor, conſidering him as the moſt ungrateful of human beings, and leaving her whole fortune to a convent.

The mind of the unfortunate musqueteer was greatly agitated at this unexpected stroke. As he could not brook an affront, he was always cautious of giving one, but his disposition now was inclined to construe the slightest insinuation into insult, and being in company where his own story was told by another officer, who did not know him, it was considered by him as so great an insult upon decency, that he immediately called him out, when, drawing, his antagonist fell in the conflict. It was requisite for the musqueteer to make a precipitate escape, and he flew to England, where he soon found himself destitute of money or protection, and his expectations, from the summit of fortune, were reduced to the mean necessity of imploring the benevolence of those, who, because they were richer, fancied themselves better than him.

Humorous.

A PRACTICAL BULL.

At the close of the American war, as a noble lord, of high naval character, was returning home to his family, after various escapes from danger, he was detained a day at Holyhead by contrary winds. Reading in a summer house, he heard the well known sound of bullets whistling near him, he looked about, and found that two balls had just passed through the door close behind him, he looked out of the window, and saw two gentlemen who were just charging their pistols again: and, as he guessed that they had been shooting at a mark upon the door, he rushed out, and very civily remonstrated with them upon the imprudence of firing at the door of a house, without having previously examined whether any one was within side. One of them immediately answered, in a tone which proclaimed at once his disposition and his country—"Sir, I did not know you were within there, and I don't know who you are now; but if I've given offence, I am willing," said he, holding out the ready charged pistols, "to give you *the satisfaction of a gentleman*—take your choice."

With his usual, presence of mind, the noble lord seized hold of both the pistols, and said to his astonished countryman—"Do me the justice, Sir, to go into that summer-house, shut the door, and let me take two shots at you, then we shall be upon equal terms; and, I shall be quite at your service to give or receive *the satisfaction of a gentleman*."

There was an air of drollery and of superiority in his manner, which, at once, struck and pleased the Hibernian—"Upon my conscience, sir, I believe you are a very honest fellow," said he, looking at him very earnestly in the face, "and I've a great mind to shake hands with you —Will you only just tell me who you are?"

The nobleman told his name—a name dear to every Briton and every Irishman!

"I beg your pardon; & that's what no man ever accused me of doing before," cried the gallant Hibernian; "& had I known who you were, I would as soon have *shot my own soul* as have fired at the door.—But how could I tell who was within side?"—"That is the very thing of which I complain," said his lordship.

His candid opponent promised never more to be guilty of such a practical bull.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR LOVE.

Take eight ounces of consideration, half the quantity of indifference, ten grains of ingratitude, six scruples of patience, a small sprig of rue, two handfuls of employment, four months absence, mix them together with the constant conversation of a rival. To these add as much discretion as nature has allotted you; boil them together without intermission till a third part be consumed; cool them with a few sighs; and spread over all the thoughts of your lover's imperfections, and apply the plaister warm to your heart. Be sure you do not take it off till it comes off itself. If this fails, your case is desperate.

The Magistrate—A Mr. A. whose office is frequently very clamourous with the litigators of shilling warrants, suddenly called out "Silence there,—there's been," added he "*two or three people committed*, and I have *not heard a word they have said*."

The right hon. J. P. Curran, master of the rolls, having, one day, taken a long ride into the country, called upon a good old lady, who requested he would take some refreshment; upon Mr. Curran's acquiescing in her proposal, the lady rang the bell, and ordered "*the* cold turkey pye" to be brought in. After a considerable delay, the footman returned, and told his mistress that "the rats had devoured it." —"Ah!" said the old lady, "I know who the rats are; the two maids, *Jenny* and *Sarah*, are the rats.' —"Madam," replied Mr. Curran, "that surely cannot be a matter of surprise to you;—time out of mind the *Jenny-Sarahs* [Janizaries] have been Turkey Py-rats."

A gentleman once observing that a person famous in the *musical* line, led a very abandoned life, "aye," replied a wag, "I have often *noted* that the whole *tenor* of his life was *base*."

SELECT ANECDOTES AND SAYINGS,

Of the late M. De Chamfort, member of the French Academy, of Madame Necker, and others.

In an Italian farce, Harlequin reflecting on the various defects of each sex, says,—"How perfect should we all be if we were neither men nor women!"

"You are always yawning," said a woman to her husband. "My dear friend," replied he, "the husband and wife are one, and when I am alone I grow weary."

A person said to a physician, "Well, doctor, Mr. B. is dead notwithstanding you promised to cure him." The doctor replied, "you were absent, sir, you did not follow the progress of the cure—he died cured."

An Abbe, member of the French academy, a great purist, was working at a grammar. One day the company he happened to be in was lamenting the miseries of the wars.—"All this matters not," said he, "it does not hinder me from having inserted in my grammar two thousand French verbs completely conjugated."

Time is like space, it is only measured by the objects which fill it.

An old gentleman had made a settlement of fifty pounds a year on a young girl, to be paid as long as she loved him. She inconsiderately left him, and attached herself to a young man, who, having examined that contract, thought he could receive it. In consequence, she claimed the quarters which were due since the last payment, informing him upon stamped paper that she still continued to love him.

A foolish fellow said in company, "An idea strikes me."—A wag retorted, "I am surprised at it!"

A gazetteer inserted in his paper.—"Some say cardinal Mazarin is dead, others say he is still living? as to me, I believe neither the one nor the other."

DEATHS.

The solemn temple and the marble dome,
The cloud-top'd mountain, and the bright expanse
All must return to their primeval gloom,
Nor leave the traces of the faintest glance.

Died—On the 4th inst. *Francis Malbone*, Esq. a senator from the state of Rhode-Island. He dropped down on his way to attend Divine Service at the Capitol, and immediately expired.

———On the 8th inst. at Greenwich, *Thomas Paine*, Esq. author of 'The Rights of Man,' 'The Age of Reason,' 'Common Sense,' &.

———At Philadelphia, in the 39th year of his age, Dr. *James Woodhouse*, late Professor of Chymistry in the University of Pensylvania.

———On Sunday 11th inst. Capt. *William Richardson*, Captain of the Light Infantry Blues, and master of Police of this city—a most worthy and respectable inhabitant—respected and regretted by all who knew him. He was buried last Monday evening with military honours.

———In Petersburg, on Monday last, Major *John M'Rae*.

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Required under the Execution Law, passed at the last Session of Assembly—Also, CERTIFICATES for the payment of cost & charges

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Original Poetry.

FOR THE VISITOR.

Lo! where yon damsel glides along,
A host of lovers in her train,
To her the charms of heav'n belong,
To her the lyrist tunes his song,
And tears are pour'd, sighs breath'd in vain.

Ere five revolving years are fled,
No more a young, a blushing maid,
For ev'ry tear her slaves have shed
A silver hair shall grace her head,
For ev'ry sigh a charm shall fade. CALEB.

SONG.

And fairest maiden why despise
The youth who loves, the youth who sighs?
O you have never felt the anguish
In which successless lovers languish.

If love be folly, or a crime,
It yet deserves to be forgiven,
For, ever, from the birth of time,
We wish the sacred joys of heav'n.
Then fairest, &c.

And where's the wretch who would disown
The charms of virtue and of beauty?
To Dian, bound with Venus' zone
We paying homage do our duty.
And fairest, &c.

But not the shaft which Dian sped
Was e'er so fatal as the arrow,
Which all your magic glances shed.
For its keen point is barb'd with sorrow,
Yet fairest, &c. CALEB.

INVOCATION TO THE DRYADES.

Ye Dryades, sylvan guardians of this grove,
Dejected, sad, amidst your shades I rove;
Here unobserved I breath those hopeless sighs,
That nursed by sorrow in my bosom rise.
Oft have I wished that in some lonely glade,
The deadly Manchineel its form display'd;
Beneath whose foliage if some wretch repose,
Eternal slumbers end the suff'rer's woes;
Ah long ere this my steps had sought its shade,
And nature's debt with pleasing sadness paid;
Since vain that wish, to you ye Nymphs I kneel,
You I implore my tortured mind to heal;
No common griefs here claim your soothing care,
Tis sorrow, anguish, heighten'd by despair;
A parents loss that claimed my youthful tears,
To sad dependance doomed my future years;
Dependance sure of human ills the worst,
With which through life the feeling heart is curst;
If wealth to some its pleasing gift denies,
Birth, beauty, fame the glitt'ring lots supplies;
E'en in the cot where poverty resides,
Oft roseate health, and cheefulness presides;
And friendship's theirs, whose bland, and soothing powers,
Can ease the heart which agony devours.
All, all, to me, my rigid fate denies,
From me each hope and every blessing flies;
Ah not to you be then my prayers in vain,
But bid my mind tranquility regain:
And may the axe, to distant ages spare,
Those trees sole objects of thy daily care;
In tow'ring grandeur may their forms arise,
'Till their tall branches seem to touch the skies. *M. M.*

Lines written on the Eve of the New-Year.

Swift fade the hours and soon the closing year
Will from our sight for ever disappear,
And ere the morn again illume the plain,
Another year commence its fleeting reign.

How many now th' approaching period hail,
And bid the scenes of festive mirth prevail;
How many hearts with expectation glow,
And dwell on joys the future will bestow.

But not to me can e'er the change avail,
Whose sinking frame the deepest, griefs assail!
Who see days, months, and years successive close,
Yet see no period to afflictive woes.

Can soothing time peace in this breast infuse,
O'er which despair has cast its deepest hues?
Can soothing time?.... Oh! yes 'twill prove my friend,
For time alone can bring me to my end;

Borne on it wings, the form of death appears,
Strikes the sure dart, and chills my falling tears.
To some lone spot consigns my lifeless frame,
And bids oblivion veil my hapless name. *M. M.*

ON THE TENTH OF JUNE.

Sweet tenth of June all hail to thee!
For then the great Atlantic sea,
With white sails shall be spread.
Once more shall busy Commerce reign,
And Cits their wonted spirits gain,
No more starvation dread.

No more the honest Tars shall sigh,
No more their wives and children cry,
Because they want for bread.
But smiles shall gladden every face,
And sorrow yield to joy its place,
And make them raise their head.

No more to foreign lands they hie,
Lest in their own they sink and die,
Beneath a weight of woe,
But now with hearts elate they trip,
To join their messmates in the ship,
And laugh and sing yo ho.

To thee good Madison we owe,
The blessings that to all will flow,
From Intercourse made free,
Thy wisdom has those Laws repeal'd,
And made rebellions spirits yield,
To thy more just Decree. CONSTANTIA.

TO THE SWALLOW.

Old Anacreon tun'd his lays,
Flutt'ring swallow, to thy praise,
Nor yet Progne will I try
With the Teian bard to vie:
Yet I'd ask thee gentle bird,
(Would the question might be heard!)
When the fleeting Summer's o'er
Where thou goest, to what shore
Where conceal'st thy torpid wing
'Till the glad return of Spring? LLABEC.

On being told I exposed myself to imminent danger, by frequently visiting a very beautiful, but (in the amatorial dialect) a very cruel girl.

Yes! pestilence is in her breath,
Yet would I drink her balmy sighs;
And ev'ry glance is big with death,
But much he lives who near her dies. CALEB.

THE ROSEBUD.

Maria pluck'd an unblown rose,
And smiling said to me,
'E'er this young flow'r its sweets disclose,
I give it unto thee.'

Why bring me this? I quick replied;
It can no ſweets impart;
'Twill ſoon expand, ſhe bluſhing cried,
If warm'd againſt thy heart,

This bud, reſumed the lovely maid,
Wou'd ſoon have been a roſe,
And then its fragrant beauties fade,
It withers when it blows.

Then e'er it opes its tender head,
The captive roſe to free,
Before its perfumed ſweets are ſhed,
I pluck it from the tree.

Then let it feel thy heart's warm power,
Oh! nouriſh it with care;
And gratitude will teach the flower,
To ſhed its ſweetneſs there.

She placed the roſebud next my heart,
I found her words were true,
But found alas! in that ſame part,
A thorn was planted too. A.

To a Roſe which was plucked juſt after a ſhower.

In thee, ſweet flow'r, of *Delia* fair
An emblem juſt I trace;
For thou, like her, art debonair,
And lovelieſt of thy race.

By theſe, thy leaves of vivid green,
Her lively mien's diſplay'd;
And by the thorn that lurks between,
Her wit is well pourtray'd.

Like thy ſoft, love inſpiring bloom
Her velvet cheek appears,
And of thy heavenly perfume
Her breath a ſemblance wears.

Theſe drops too, were they not ſo chill,
Which on thy foliage hang,
Would ſeem like thoſe her eyes diſtil
From Pity's tender pang;

But theſe, to Fancy's eye, ſweet gem,
Of woes thine own art born;
Becauſe thou from thy parent ſtem
Art prematurely torn.

Yet know, before the God of day
Shall meet the weſtern wave,
Thou haply would'ſt have fall'n a prey
To cold oblivion's grave.

Then weep not, for, by heav'n I ſwear,
While mem'ry I retain,
For *Delia's* ſake, unfaded there
Thy beauties ſhall remain. Q.

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Selected Poetry.

SONG OF A SPIRIT.

In the ſightleſs air I dwell,
On the ſloping ſun-beams play;
Delve the cavern's inmoſt cell,
Where never day-light yet did ſtray.

Dive beneath the green ſea waves,
And gambol in the briny deeps;
Skim ev'ry ſhore that Neptune laves,
From Lapland's plains to India's ſteeps.

Oft I mount with rapid force
Above the wide earth's ſhadowy zone;
Follow the day-ſtar's flaming courſe
Through realms of ſpace to thought unknown;

And liſten to celeſtial ſounds
That ſwell the air, unheard of men,
As I watch my nightly rounds
O'er woody ſteep and ſilent glen.

Under the ſhade of waving trees,
On the green bank of fountain clear,
At penſive eve I ſit at eaſe,
While dying muſic murmurs near.

And oft, on point of airy cliff
That hangs upon the Weſtern main,
I watch the gay tint paſſing ſwift,
And twilight veil the liquid plain.

Then, when the breeze has ſunk away,
And Ocean ſcarce is heard to lave,
For me the ſea-nymphs ſoftly play
Their dulcet ſhells beneath the wave.

Their dulcet ſhells!—I hear them now;
Slow ſwells the ſtrain upon mine ear;
Now faintly falls—now warbles low,
'Till rapture melts into a tear.

The ray, that ſilvers o'er the dew,
And trembles through the leafy ſhade,
And tints the ſcene with ſofter hue,
Calls me to rove the lonely glade.

Or hie me to ſome ruin'd tow'r,
Faintly ſhown by moonlight gleam,
Where the lone wand'rer owns my pow'r
In ſhadows dire, that ſubſtance ſeem:

In thrilling ſounds that murmur woe,
And pauſing ſilence makes more dead;
In muſic breathing from below
Sad ſolemn ſtrains, that wake the dread.

Unſeen I move—unknown am fear'd;
Fancy's wildeſt dreams I weave;
And oft by Bards my voice is heard
To die along the gales of eve.

The following beautiful little poem, was compoſed by Thomſon, Author of the Seaſons. It is from theſe words in the ſong of Solomon: Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me!"

O thou, whoſe tender, ſerious eyes
Expreſſive ſpeaks the mind I love;
The gentle azure of the ſkies,
The penſive ſhadows of the grove;
O mix their beauteous beams with mine,
And let us interchange our hearts;
Let all their ſweetneſs on me ſhine,
Pour'd thro' my ſoul be all their darts.
Ah! 'tis too much! I cannot bear
At once ſo ſoft, ſo keen a ray;
In pity then, my lovely fair,
O turn thoſe killing eyes away!
Ah what avails it to conceal
One charm, where nought but charms we ſee;
Their luſtre then again reveal,
And let me, MYRA, die of thee.